



675

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
*
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES











HISTORY OF FRUGAL.

Page 27

Published by Whittingham & Arliss Sept^r 1. 1816.

THE
HISTORY OF FRUGAL,
THE
WILD BEE.

BY MR. FRANKLY.



LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
Juvenile Library,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE

HISTORY OF BRUGAL

OF

AND BEE.

BY MR. FRANKLYN.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ARLES.

IN THE YEAR 1788.

LONDON: R. B. ROSE.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

I do not mean to impose on your understanding, by telling you that birds, beasts, or insects, speak in an audible voice, or are capable of conveying information by the organ of speech; but I have the authority of the Bible to say, that fable and allegory were among the earliest and best modes of instruction: and, according to those, there is a sense in which all the works of Nature

have a voice for the instruction of man. If we look above,

“ The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav’ns—a shining frame!
Their great original proclaim.
What! though nor real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found,
In Reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
‘ The hand that made us is divine*!’ ”

If we look below, the contemplative mind

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing†.”

Solomon tells the sluggard to

* Addison.

† Shakspeare.

“ go to the ant ; to consider her ways, and be wise* : ” and “ a greater than Solomon ” bids the proud man “ consider the lilies of the field, &c.† ” Shall we, then, refuse to draw instruction from similar sources ?

The Bee is an emblem of skill and industry ; and the Natural History of that little insect is well worthy of your patient investigation. To illustrate its history is one object of the present undertaking ; in doing which, the habits, the manners, the economy, and the incidents of its existence, are faithfully traced, agreeably to the best modern authorities ; and the moral and religious reflections

* Prov. vi. 6.

† Mat. vi. 26.

arising out of the subject are placed in a new point of view.

It is gratifying to observe the improvement that has taken place in juvenile literature within the course of the last few years ; and the number, and variety, of rational and useful books, which writers of real ability have condescended to furnish for the rising generation, do them much credit, and may be considered as a national benefit. Should this trifle be found to have any attractions, and should it be fortunate enough to obtain a rank among the number alluded to, my views, as an author, and as a friend of humanity, will be completely answered.

THE
HISTORY OF FRUGAL,
THE
WILD BEE.

“My dear children,” little Frugal said, or seemed to say, “you need not be alarmed at my appearance among you ; for though I have suffered much from the ingratitude of men, I am no enemy to such of the race as do not seek to injure me. You have, I suppose, taken your ramble hither for your pleasure, to pluck the sweet wood-flowers, and to enjoy the innocent delights of this fine morning. I enjoy this scene as much as yourselves ; but you perceive I am

at the same time otherwise engaged in providing for futurity. You would do well to take a lesson from me, and to “improve the shining hour” to the best of all purposes; to “get wisdom and understanding,” that may serve to support you in the hour of trial, change, and adversity; for, believe me, such an hour will come, to children as well as to insects—to every thing “in whose nostrils is the breath of life.”

“I perceive there is a curiosity in each of your countenances to know how, and where, I subsist; in what manner I carry on my occupation; and how I can produce that delicious honey of which you are so fond. I am, I assure you, very unlike common tale bearers, who spend their precious time in idle and frivolous chit-chat; but I am so much interested in your company, that if you will sit down on that nice warm bank, and at-

tend to me, I will take my station in the bell of this tall fox-glove, and give you a brief history of my life and adventures, which I think cannot fail to amuse and edify you.

“ My present residence is at a good distance from hence, in the centre of a hollow oak, in the thickest part of the wood ; a tree, over which the scorching heats of some hundreds of summers, and the pelting storms of some hundreds of winters, have past ; which has often seen the hand of Time

“ Sweep the toiling race of men,
And all their laboured monuments, away.”

It once reigned “ king of the woods ;” but is now become only a place “ for owls to roost in.” This is the citadel which I, and a few of my companions in exile, have chosen to reside in ; and here, though not under the protection

of man, we are not subject to his rapacity or caprice. It is a state of liberty and independence to which we were at first unwillingly reduced ; but to which we are now perfectly reconciled.

“ I can but just recollect the time when I lived at home, among the friends of my youth : but I remember we were a very numerous family, and lived in comfortable circumstances. We were taught to work hard from our infancy ; some in travelling abroad in the summer season, to collect provision for the winter ; and others in building warehouses, and packing the immense stores so collected.

“ The excursions I made were sometimes long and fatiguing ; perhaps from ten to twenty miles a-day ; and I commonly returned in the evening heavily laden, and exceedingly fatigued. But

I hardly dare complain; or, if I did, I was silenced with the old adage, "Those who will not work, must not eat." It was a maxim among our race, from time immemorial; the justice of which I was obliged reluctantly to acknowledge, for it is imposed upon us to transmit it to posterity*. Idleness is no doubt at the root of almost every evil: and you know one of your own favorite poets has wisely sung,—

" The devil finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do†."

* The Scriptures have a number of texts in praise of diligence, as a Christian virtue, viz.

" The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

Prov. x. v. 4.

" The hand of the diligent shall bear rule."

Prov. xii. v. 24.

" The soul of the diligent shall be made fat."

Prov. xii. v. 4.

" Be not slothful in business."

Rom. xii. v. 11.

† Dr. Watts.

And I have known many instances of it within the circle of my extensive acquaintance.

“ I remember the case of a poor butcher's horse, which had one day the misfortune to be tied up to the garden-hedge in our neighbourhood, while his master went into the cottage to dispose of his meat, which he hawked about in panniers. The poor animal was standing there as quietly and inoffensively as could be, when some of our unprincipled youngsters, who loved mischief better than work, agreed to sally out for a frolic, as they called it. On this occasion they set up a loud shout; and rushing on the poor unsuspecting creature, stung him so cruelly about the head and ears, that he broke loose, and ran away in an agony of pain, shook off his panniers, and overthrew every thing that opposed him. The whole

village was in alarm : men, women, children, and dogs joined in the pursuit; but he did not stop till he came to the mill-tail, into which he plunged; and many of his tormentors, who could not extricate themselves from his skin, were carried away by the stream, and drowned; the rest, who returned home in great fright, having lost their weapons and character, were instantly condemned as vagrant desperadoes, and useless members of society, and led to summary execution. The poor horse, I understand, was, with great difficulty, dragged out of the water; but it was long before he was sufficiently recovered to do his master's business, who suffered great loss on the occasion. This wicked frolic was for a long time the subject of all conversation; and the most seriously disposed among our kind expressed great indignation at the misconduct of this inconsiderate rabble, and de-

clared their punishment exceedingly just.

“ Now this should afford a lesson to you, children, as well as to us bees. Those who accustom themselves to do mischief, though but in a frolic, will at last seriously repent it, when too late. There is nothing so hateful as cruelty in youth : it hardens the heart, by imperceptible degrees, till it becomes capable of the most enormous crimes ; and it proceeds, step by step, in iniquity, till at last it is plunged into the gulf of ruin, from which there is no redemption.

“ I am sorry to say, that the public example which was made of these poor unfortunate wretches, did not work a complete reformation in our community : it, indeed, restrained their excesses for awhile ; but the headstrong and the

giddy were frequently again led into the same snare. They would sometimes attack a poor harmless dog, and drive him almost to madness. Nay, I have sometimes seen them assail even the children of their protectors*, who were obliged to thrust their heads into a bush to get rid of them; and the tormentors not unfrequently would get murdered on the spot for their temerity. This inconsiderate conduct procured us many enemies; and even the well-disposed among us, when found alone, and at a distance from home, were subject to great indignities, and often very narrowly escape with their lives.

“ I was myself one day in a very peri-

* “ Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assaults th' oppressor's face;
And through the purple veins a passage find,
There fix their stings, and leave their lives behind.”

Dryd. Virgil.

lous situation. Having been sent to the neighbouring heath, while I was busily among the broom, unsuspectingly humming a tune to myself, as it was my custom to do*, an unlucky school-boy, who, bent on the destruction of birds'-nests, and the murder of butterflies and insects, flung his old heavy hat at me, knocked me down, and bruised me in a most unmerciful manner. It was in vain to call for help, for I had no friend at hand to take my part; besides, I was stunned, and half senseless by the blow: but I had the presence of mind to conceal myself under the stump of a bush from the further fury of my adversary, who looked about narrowly for me, and undoubtedly meditated my death. He took up his hat, and stalked round and

* Bees have a voice, and are capable of forming sounds, varying according to circumstances, independent of those they make with their wings.

round in search of me, trampling down every thing in his way with his hob-nailed shoes ; but he fortunately missed me. As soon as he was gone, and I was a little recovered from my fright and trembling, I crept out of my hiding place, glad to find that none of my limbs were broken, though I was sadly bruised indeed. I mounted to the top of a large thistle, to reconnoitre ; and, seeing the coast clear, I took up my load, and made the best of my way home ; but it was some days before I was perfectly recovered, and again able to proceed afield to business.

“ Now I do not know whether to attribute this misfortune to a spirit of revenge in the boy, for injuries received from some of our people, or a natural disposition to mischievous sport. I know your religion teaches you not only to forgive injuries, “ but to love your

enemies ;” but, alas ! there is too little attention paid to this excellent precept. I wish I could say my fellow-creatures were blameless in this respect ; they seldom forget or forgive those who once offend them : and another great evil is, they are remarkably peevish and irritable, in consequence of which they are always in a state of warfare. How lamentable it is that there should be such dispositions in the world ; for all have natural troubles enough to encounter, without making artificial ones.

“ Another source of our calamities is our own imprudence ; of this I could give you some examples, of which I feel the consequence to this day.

“ You must know, our species are remarkable for their knowledge of the seasons, and being what is vulgarly called weather-wise. I was instructed

from my youth to observe by various signs whether the day would be fair or foul; and never to go too far abroad when there was an appearance of storms or tempests: but I sometimes thought my own opinion best, and in the following instance had like to have paid dearly for my obstinacy.

“ I was very fond of an excursion to the sea-shore; and shall never forget with what delight I first beheld that grand object, the ocean. Well; notwithstanding the unfavourable appearance of the morning, I one day set off alone for the coast. The skies brightened up, and I reached the cliffs, among the wild flowers of which I rested, and took some refreshment. Not a breeze rippled the surface of the waters; it had become a dead calm; not a cloud sullied the blue arch of the skies. I felt a desire to defer business for the day,

and to make an excursion of pleasure to a squadron of vessels which lay at a distance in the bay*; I hovered round, in many an airy ring, for a considerable time, and at last descended, and amused myself by sporting among the rigging. A vessel was an object which excited all my curiosity; and, while I was exploring every creek and corner, I forgot how fast the hours were rolling away, and at what a distance I was from home. The evening approached; and, what was more alarming, black and towering clouds began to rise in the east: at length, the thunder began to mutter at a distance! the wind rose, and howled through the shrouds! the rain suddenly descended in torrents! I was swept in a moment from my lofty station, and

* Bees are sometimes known to proceed out to sea; and have been found on board vessels at a considerable distance from the shore.

ingulphed in the waves ! After the first moment of astonishment and terror had past, my mind awoke to all the horrors of my situation : I reflected on myself bitterly for my rashness, indiscretion, and disobedience to the good council which I had frequently received. I could swim well ; but my wings were rendered useless by the wet : I was incapable of mounting in the air, even had the state of the elements permitted it. All my hopes fled ; and I was about to give myself up to despair, when the circulation of the waters providentially brought me within reach of a rope, which had been thrown out from one of the vessels : I laid hold of this assistance, and with great difficulty clambered on board*. Exhausted with fa-

* This ought to recal to the mind of our young readers the many assurances contained in the Scriptures of the care of providence over the lives of the meanest of its creatures. " Are

tigue, and shivering with cold, I took shelter under the fold of a sail, where I spent one of the most distressful nights I had ever in my life experienced. The rain was incessant; the lightening sulphurous and vivid; and the thunder low and tremendous. My fears were not a little aggravated, by my hearing even the hardy sailors express their apprehensions that the vessel would break from her anchorage, and be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

“ Towards the morning, however, the storm subsided; the clouds broke away, and the sun rose, broad and beautiful, from the bosom of the vast ocean; and his slanting rays, which sparkled on the waves, pierced the place of my retreat,

not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father? But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.”—*St. Matt. x. 29, 30.*

and diffused comfort into my heart. I crept forth unperceived : I dressed my ruffled wings, and prepared myself for flight. Judge to yourselves the pleasure I felt when I once again set foot on the rocks from whence I embarked, if I may use the expression, on my late unfortunate aquatic excursion ! I took a hasty breakfast among the broom and wild flowers ; but I found myself incapable of carrying home my usual load. I therefore set off, fearing another change of weather, and arrived in safety at the place of my habitation, where I had been given up for lost.

“ You may suppose I was much caressed on my arrival home ; but I assure you this was not the case. Seeing me arrive empty-handed, they all looked very coolly upon me, and some insinuations were thrown out that I must have been in bad company. It was even buzzed

about that I associated with thieves and robbers ; and that I appeared to be a person not only useless, but dangerous to the community. In short, I at one time began to fear that my life was in danger. Various consultations were held, and there was some talk about expelling me.

“ Thus you see the sad consequence of neglecting the advice of your parents and friends ; and the evil which one imprudent step might bring down upon one’s head. You, besides, see the uncertainty of unlawful pleasure. I had promised myself a full swing of enjoyment, for one day at least ; but the means which I took to secure it was a source of reproach and disgrace, which for a long time attached to my character, and caused me no little distress.

“ At length, by returning to labour

with redoubled assiduity, by taking care to keep seasonable hours, and attending more punctually to the advice and admonitions of my elders and superiors, whose judgment I now began to know the value of, I succeeded in re-establishing the character which I had lost by my indiscretion. Hence my misfortune impressed on my mind one useful truth,—that the greater part of youthful sufferings arise out of our own misconduct; and hence we have the most powerful motive to return to the paths of virtue. But, alas! more serious evils awaited me.

“ As our family grew up, and increased in numbers, contentions and quarrels likewise increased: besides, our limits became much too narrow for us, and this was another source of murmurings and disquietude. In short, the rising generation became so turbulent and

unruly, that it was determined, in a public council, they should be turned out of doors, and seek their own fortune. You will say this was a hard case; but, you know, if we will not learn by precept, we must be taught by experience, and her lessons are commonly very severe. It is a grievous thing to be stubborn and disobedient to our elders and superiors; but how much more so to our parents! what a reward is such conduct for all their cares, their tenderness, and anxiety for our welfare in our helpless state! surely nothing can be so base. Besides the above mentioned, there was another strong reason for our expulsion: there were a number of drones in our community; and, in case of an unfavourable summer, a famine was to be apprehended.

“ It was in the morning of one of the most delightful days in June, when we

took our departure in a body, not knowing whither we should go, or where we should lay our heads the succeeding night; we sometimes mounted high in the air, and sometimes descended low, traversing round and round, in extensive circles, but still keeping together, lest any should be lost. We were at last alarmed by the ringing of a huge bell, which induced us to descend into an orchard; where, finding ourselves much fatigued, our young queen*, who accompanied us, proposed settling on a large apple-tree, and sending out scouts, occasionally, to look about for a more permanent residence. Here we huddled all together, and reposed our weary

* It is believed by naturalists, that a hive, or swarm, has but one queen, and she is scarcely ever seen. She is the mother and sovereign of all, and different both from the labourers and the male in size and colour. The queen which goes off with the swarm is a young one.

limbs, though there continued to be much murmuring among us. We were soon, however, unexpectedly relieved, by a spacious mansion being provided for us by some unknown friend, to which we repaired, and composed ourselves to rest. We rose early the next morning, and took a survey of our new habitation, which was a palace, indeed! affording plenty of room for us all, and ample space for stores and provisions. Our situation was likewise the most delightful imaginable: it faced the south, and was guarded from the north winds by a wall; at a little distance, a clean stream was seen running through a large flower garden, in full bloom; and in the distance, extensive heaths and commons, covered, as it were, with sheets of gold.

“ In the morning a grand convocation was held, and every hand capable of working was assigned its respective em-

ployment: all was bustle and activity; for we had no longer any dependance on parents and friends.

“You may suppose, that having nothing to begin with, it was no easy matter for us to get forward in the world. We had at first, as the saying is, “only from hand to mouth,” and we trusted to Providence for the continuance of fair weather, without which we must absolutely have perished by famine, notwithstanding all our industry and frugality. Amidst all our patience and perseverance, we had still serious difficulties to encounter, of which I will give you a few instances*. We were beset with

* Bees have a variety of enemies; such as mice, spiders, caterpillars, wax-worms, the house-lark and swallows, ants, wood-lice, and earwigs: the latter “steal into the hives at night, and drag out bee after bee, sucking out their vitals, and leaving nothing but their skins or scalps,

sturdy robbers of various descriptions. Very frequently our friends and neighbours were pulled out of their beds in the night by a set of artful ruffians*, who crept in unperceived; and in the morning we were struck with horror at seeing their maimed and mangled carcases lying scattered round the door. Voracious birds would sometimes waylay our labourers on their return home, fatigued and heavy laden, and tear them in pieces. They would sometimes pursue us even to our own door, drag some out by main force, and fly away with the poor struggling victims to feed their young with them.

“ One night, I remember well, and I think I shall never forget it, when we

like so many trophies of their butchery.”— Wasps and hornets are, however, the most dangerous foes they have to encounter.

* Earwigs.

were all retired to rest, without the least suspicion of danger, an alarm was given that an enormous monster* had broken into our premises: I peeped out from my hiding place, and by the light of the moon caught a view of him; and a prodigious creature indeed it was! He began at once to devour our provisions by wholesale, and to demolish our warehouses and furniture, which had cost us so much pains and labour. Our people were all dying with fright. All was confusion and uproar. Numbers were killed, in endeavouring to effect their escape, and others sadly maimed, or crippled for life. With the return of morning the enemy effected his retreat, and left us enough to do to repair the breaches it had made, and replace the effects we had lost.

“ We were for several nights in fearful

* A mouse.

apprehensions of the return of this terrible visitor; but we learned, at last, that he had paid dearly for his temerity, by falling into the clutches of one of his inveterate enemies*, by whom he was torn in pieces, and devoured. This news gave us great satisfaction; and we were in hopes that we should now enjoy a life of undisturbed tranquillity; but in this we were also disappointed.

“ We soon found we were exposed to robbers of our own species†. A body of these desperate free-booters, too idle to work themselves, and wont to live by the plunder of others, one day issued from their haunt, and assaulted our capital. Every one was summoned to take up arms in its defence, and a dreadful conflict ensued, in which great numbers were killed, or mortally wounded, on both sides;—our ramparts were

* A cat.

† Wasps and hornets.

a complete shambles. Our party, however, prevailed; and the robbers were obliged to betake themselves to flight, without accomplishing their purpose.

“ Hence, you see, the careless, the indolent, and the improvident, when they feel the effect of their own misconduct, will not scruple at committing any crime which may afford them a prospect of relief. An universal depravity of manners is the consequence of idleness and dissipation; and when once the flood-gates of vice are opened, there is no knowing to what lengths we may go. Had these desperate ruffians accustomed themselves to habits of honest industry, they might, as well as those of our species, have lived in comfort and reputation: whereas, it is reported, that on their return home from this expedition, they gave themselves up for lost, burying themselves in caves in the earth; and

having made no provision for futurity, when the winter came on, they perished miserably of cold and want.

“ These troubles were succeeded by others of a domestic nature; from which, I am sorry to say, no society is free. Though the regulations and institutions of our government were the most excellent of their kind, we had among us some restless spirits, who were determined to be dissatisfied with every thing, and they wanted to overturn our constitution, in order to profit by the confusion that should ensue; or, in plain terms, to lay hands on the spoils of their wealthy and industrious neighbours, and share the plunder among them. They exclaimed against the government of our queen; and insisted that all the members of society ought to be on an equal footing, and to have all things in common amongst them.

“ Disputes, at length, ran so high, as to break out into open rebellion. The loyal part of our people were compelled to take up arms in their own defence; and some severe skirmishing upon the ramparts was the consequence. On this occasion a number of lives were lost before the rebels were subdued; and we were several days engaged in the melancholy task of bearing away the dead bodies, least the putrifaction of them should create a plague in our populous neighbourhood.

“ Peace was, at length, restored; and the summer-months now beginning to draw to a close, we began to make preparations for passing the winter in ease and security: but, alas! we little knew what a storm was hanging over our heads.

“ It was late on a dark night, when

every thing was quiet around us, that we felt our hive shaken to the foundations, as by a violent shock of an earthquake; and in a moment it was torn from its place, and set down over a dreadful gulph of burning brimstone; the fumes of which were intolerable. Thousands of my unhappy fellow-creatures were tumbled out of their beds, and miserably suffocated on the spot, as there seemed to be no possibility of escape*. The massacre seemed to be

* In this country it is usual, in seizing the stores of these valuable little animals, by a cruel process, also to rob them of their lives. When those doomed for slaughter have been marked out, which is about the month of September, a hole is dug in the earth near the hive, and a stick stuck in the centre, at the end of which is fixed a rag dipped in brimstone. The rag being set on fire, the hive is set over it, and the earth thrown up all round, so that none of the smoke can escape. In this state the bees

universal; and it was dreadful to hear the groans and lamentations of the poor sufferers. It was enough to pierce a heart of a stone; but the authors of our calamity were totally insensible to our distress: they were, in fact, engaged in embruing their hands in the blood of the miserable few who attempted to crawl away from this scene of slaughter.

tumble down from their combs, in a state of suffocation, and are all seemingly dead; and on the hive being removed, are buried up in the earth, which is returned back into the hole. By this means they are inevitably destroyed: whereas it has been discovered, by experiment, that they are only intoxicated, and would recover again, if due precautions were taken for that purpose. This custom has been justly reprobated by the friends of humanity; and some ingenious persons have devised means to take the honey without destroying those valuable insects. It is to be lamented, that, owing to prejudice, the practice is not generally adopted.

After a while, the sounds from within grew fainter and fainter ; and at last had completely died away, when our inhuman murderers swept the lifeless carcasses into one huge grave, and hastily covering it up, seized on the whole of our magazines and stores, and departed.

“ I passed a miserable night, shivering with cold, and filled with melancholy reflections, by the grave of my murdered friends and relations, till morning blushed in the east : I looked around me, and perceived a few of my unhappy companions, who, like myself, had escaped the horrible massacre, and were destitute of a home, and the necessaries of life. I summoned all my fortitude on this trying occasion, and recommended betaking ourselves to flight, to seek some retreat where we may be secure from the persecution of man. My advice was followed ; we made the best of our

way, and took up our abode at the place I have before described.

“ Oh ! cruel is the heart of man
To our industrious kind !

No pity melts it, no remorse,
No obligations bind.

“ How have we rang’d the field and mead,
The hill, the heath, the wood ;
And ransack’d every summer flow’r,
To cull the golden food.

“ How did we build our waxen cell,
With ever-skilful care ;
To lodge our young, and hoard our stores
Abundant for the year.

“ For charity we never begg’d,
Injustice never knew ;
Nor from the toil of other hands
A mean subsistence drew.

“ But what avail’d our constant zeal
And labour for the state,
Since our protector was our foe,
And had decreed our fate ?

“ And was it not enough for him
To snatch our wealth away ;
But, for the favors he bestow’d,
To cause our lives to pay ?

“ Hence warn’d, dear youth ! a lesson learn
Of tender gratitude ;
And, while you have the pow’r, enjoy
The bliss of doing good.”

With this plaintive Elegy little Frugal concluded its history ; and spreading its wings, left its auditors struck with astonishment and sympathy at the tale of its misfortunes.

On the return of the children home, they related the account of their adventure to their parents ; and, with tears in their eyes, took every opportunity of pleading in behalf of those interesting creatures, declaring they would rather never taste honey again, than indulge their appetite at the expence of their

existence. Their father, who had before thought too lightly on the subject, entering into the feelings of his children, resolved for the future not to destroy his bees, as he had been accustomed to do, and soon found his account in their preservation.

“ Haste, then, O haste ! to teach, with timely care,

The sacred principle to aid and spare !
While yet the plastic infant may receive,
Even like the new-fall’n snow, the print you give.
Ere that impressive, pliant hour be lost,
Like the snow harden’d to unbending frost,
Fix in the ductile breast this awful truth,—
An honor’d age must spring from well-form’d youth.

Teach him, that Mercy by his God was giv’n,
A seraph messenger direct from heav’n !
That all his race in guilt and grief had died ;
Nor ended there, had Mercy been denied.
Tell him, Compassion is sweet Mercy’s child,
Firm, and yet tender, and not weak, tho’ mild ;

That from the purest source compassion flows,
 Yet largely shares the blessing it bestows.
 On his young heart the moral sense impress,
 The fall'n to raise, the injur'd to redress :
 One truth, o'er other truths sublime, reveal,
 That bird, beast, insect, like himself can feel *."

* Pratt's Lower World.

BRIEF NATURAL HISTORY

FOR the information of such of our young friends as have not had an opportunity of observing the habits, the manners, and the nature of these industrious little animals, we subjoin some interesting particulars from the best authorities. By these they may judge how far the author of *Frugal* is justified in throwing together a few probable events in the history of an individual Bee, for their amusement and instruction.

That from the present time and hence,
 Yet largely to the future it belongs.
 On his young heart the great power of
 The fall is laid, the ruin of the
 One truth, the other truth, the truth,
 That his heart shall never more be true.


For the information of such of our young
 friends as have not had an opportunity of
 observing the habits, the manners, and the
 nature of these industrious little animals, we
 subjoin some interesting particulars from the
 best authorities. By these they may judge
 how far the author of *Tristram* is justified in
 throwing together a few probable events in
 the history of an individual Bee, for their
 amusement and instruction.

BRIEF NATURAL HISTORY

OF

The Bees,

SELECTED FROM BUFFON, AND OTHER AUTHORS.



OF the common, or domestic, bees, there are three different kinds in every hive.

First, the labouring bees, which make up by far the greatest number, and are thought to be neither male or female, but merely born for the purposes of labour, and supporting the young and helpless breed.

The second are the drones; which are of a darker colour, longer and thicker

than the former: those are supposed to be the males; and there is not above a hundred of them in a hive of seven or eight thousand.

The third sort are still fewer in number: it was formerly supposed that there was but one in every swarm, called the queen bee, to which the whole swarm owes its original; but latter observers say, there are sometimes five or six queen bees in the same hive.

The common working bee has a trunk, not formed in the manner of other insects for sucking up the fluid, but like a kind of tongue, to sweep or lick it away. The little creature is also furnished with teeth, which serve it in making wax, which is also gathered from flowers, like honey. In the hind legs there are two cavities, edged with hair; and into these, as into a basket, it sticks its pellets.

Thus employed, the bee flies from flower to flower, increasing its stock of wax; and having procured a sufficient load, returns with it to the hive.

The body of the bee is divided into six rings, which are capable of contraction, by sliding one over another. It contains within it, besides the intestines, the honey-bag, the venom-bag, and the sting. The honey-bag is as clear as crystal, containing the honey collected from the flowers; of which the greater part is carried to the hive, and poured into the cells of the honey-comb, while the remainder serves for the bee's own nourishment; for during the summer it never touches what has been laid up for the winter.

The sting is composed of three parts; the sheath, and two very sharp darts; both formed like fish-hooks, which render

the sting more painful, and cause the wound to rankle. The sheath, which has a sharp point, makes the first impression on the flesh; this is followed by the darts, and then a venomous liquor is poured in. The sheath sometimes sticks so fast, that the animal is obliged to leave it behind; and the bee soon after dies, or is destroyed by its comrades, as being unable to protect itself, or guard the treasures of the hive.

The substance with which bees build their cells is wax, which is fashioned into convenient apartments for themselves and their young. When they begin to work in their hives, they are said to divide themselves into four companies: one of which roves in the fields, in search of materials; another is employed in laying out the bottom and partitions of their cells; a third in making the inside smooth; and the

fourth brings food for the rest, or relieve those who return with their respective burdens.

The manner in which bees dispatch their work is amazing. That they might not incommode each other, they do not work upon the first comb till finished; but when the first foundation is once laid, they go to work on another; so that there are often the beginnings of three or four stories made at once, and so many parties are carrying on the work of each at the same time.

The regular structure of the honey-comb is wonderful: each cell consists of six equal sides; they are strengthened at the bottom by a curious foundation; and, to prevent the cells splitting at the top, these little creatures form a cord, or roll of wax, round the brim, like that on the edge of a bowl or earthen pan.

With regard to the qualities and composition of honey, our young readers should be informed, that this delicious product is found in large quantities in a variety of vegetables. It is always formed in the bottom of flower cups. There are two species of honey: one yellow, clear, and thin; the other white and hard. The white is the virgin-honey. The best sort is obtained in France, Sicily, and other countries, where there are an abundance of sweet flowers. The mountain-honey is the best flavored.

Considerable quantities of honey are produced by the wild bees in the woods of North America, and in the islands of the Eastern seas. The method taken by the natives to preserve the honey from the bear, who is very fond of it, is, to cut down a hollow tree, stop up each end of the trunk, as it lies, and bore a small hole in the side for the bees

to go in and form their combs in security, it being impossible for the beasts to get at them.

A farm, or a country, may sometimes be overstocked with bees. When the flowers near home are rifled, then are they seen taking more extensive ranges; but if they are obliged to go too far from home in quest of honey, they are liable to be overwearied, devoured by birds, or beaten down, and destroyed by wind and rain. To provide against this evil, they have, in some parts of France and Italy, a kind of floating bee-house, which they sometimes put on board a barge, to the number of fifty or a hundred, well defended from accident or bad weather: with these they float gently down the rivers, through the delightful pastures which adorn their banks, and which give those industrious insects an opportunity of calling unrifled

sweets in their progress, and yielding their proprietors a considerable profit.

Bees have many enemies; but, like man, they have few greater enemies than those of their own species, for they sometimes wage cruel wars against each other. Their fighting and plundering one another ought chiefly to be imputed to their insatiable thirst for honey: for when, in spring or autumn, the weather is fair, but no honey can be collected from plants, and is to be found only in the hives of other bees, they will venture their lives to get it there.

Dr. Warder assigns another cause of their fighting; which is, the necessity that the bees are reduced to when their own hive has been plundered, at a season when it is too late for them to repair the loss by any industry in the fields.

Sometimes one of the queens is killed in battle. In this case, the bees of both hives unite as soon as her death is generally known among them. All then become one people; the vanquished go off with the robbers, richly laden with their own spoils, and return every day, with their new associates, to pillage their old habitation. This causes a throng unusual for the season, at the door of the hive they are plundering; and if the owner lifts it up at night, when all are gone home, he will find it empty of inhabitants, though there perhaps will remain in it some honey, which he takes as his property.

When two swarms take flight at the same time, they sometimes quarrel, and great numbers are destroyed on both sides, till one of the queens is slain. This ends the contest, and the bees of both sides unite under the surviving sovereign.

Robbers make their attacks chiefly in the latter end of July, and in the month of August. They appear to act with caution at first, and to procure themselves an entrance by stealth; not pitching boldly, like the native bees, and then entering at once in at the door. If they are encouraged by success, they return in greater parties, sometimes all the bees of a hive, and endeavour to force that entrance which they sought before with so much caution. They come in such numbers, as frequently to make those who are not acquainted with these scenes mistake them for new swarms: but the number of dead bees strewed on the ground, soon convinces them of this error.

Of bees there are various species; but they have a striking likeness in all parts of the world.

The humble-bee is the largest of all

the tribe among us: it builds its nest in holes in the ground of dry leaves, mixed with wax and wool.

The wood-bee is rather larger than the common queen-bee; its body is a blueish black, smooth and shining: it makes its nest in hollow trees, and in decayed wood.

The mason-bee makes its cell with a sort of mortar made of earth, which they build against a wall. It sometimes remains unimpaired for two or three seasons.

The ground-bee builds its nest five or six inches deep in the earth, raising a considerable hillock at the entrance of its cave.

The leaf-cutting bees make their nests and lay their eggs among bits of leaves,

very artificially placed in holes in the earth.

The wall-bees are so called, because they make their nests in walls of a kind of silky membrane, with which they fill up the cavities between the stones.

The wasp and the hornet are the most formidable of the bee kind; they are large, and build their nest under ground; and in the construction of their habitation display considerable skill and ingenuity.

THE BEES

As many of our young readers may not have an opportunity of seeing Virgil's Georgics, we present them with the following beautiful account of these interesting creatures from Dryden's Translation.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
1215 EAST 58TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637
U.S.A.

As many of our readers are aware,
there are a number of books in the
series, and it is hoped that the
following description of the series
will be of interest to you.

The series is a collection of
books on the history of the
United States, and it is hoped
that the following description
will be of interest to you.

THE BEES.

THEIR GOVERNMENT.

“ OF all the race of animals alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons ; beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive :
Each has a certain home, a sev’ral stall :
All is the state’s ; the state provides for all.

THEIR ECONOMY.

“ Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain,
And hoard, for winter’s use, the summer’s gain.
Some o’er the public magazines preside ;
And some are sent new forage to provide.

These drudge in fields abroad, and those
at home

Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, *Narcissus* leaves, and clammy
gum.

To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive ;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive.
Sweet honey some condense ; some purge the
grout ;

The rest in cells the liquid nectar shut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive :
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds ;
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
Studios of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee ;
That in the field ; this in affairs of state,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall.

THEIR RETURN FROM LABOUR.

“ But late at night, with weary pinions, come
The lab’ring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and meadows, all the day he
plies ;

The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs :
He spoils the saffron flow’rs ; he sips the blues
Of violets, wilding-bloom and willow-dews.
Their toil is common ; common is their sleep ;
They shake their wings when morn begins to
peep,

Rush through the city-gates without delay,
Nor end their work but with declining day.

THEIR REPOSE.

“ Thus having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night.
When hollow murmurs of their ev’ning bells
Dismiss the swains, and toll them to their cells ;
When once in bed their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
’Tis sacred silence all.

THEIR CAUTION.

“ ————— Nor dare they stray,
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day;
But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make:
And as, when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat,
So bees bear gravel stones, whose poisoning weight
Steers through the whistling winds their
steady flight.



THEIR FORTITUDE AND TERM OF LIFE.

“ Oft on the rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burden which they bear:
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
And such a rage they have for flow'ry sweets!
Thus through the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of seven short years is done.
Th' immortal line in such succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsires' grandsons the long list
contains.

THEIR BATTLES.

“ But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar,
And murm’ring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam’d with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls
contain.

With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight.
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitate the trumpet's angry sounds ;
Then to their common standard they repair,
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air :
In form of battle drawn they issue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth.
Press'd for their country's honor and their
king's, [stings,
On their sharp beaks they wet their pointed
And exercise their arms, and tremble with
their wings.

Full in the midst the haughty monarchs
ride; [side;
The trusty guards come up, and close the
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defied.

“ Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king ;
Croud through the gates, and in the fields of
light

The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight :
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded
wound,

And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the
ground :

Hard hail-stones lie not thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings the marks of sovereign
sway,

The two contending princes make their way ;
Intrepid through the midst of dangers go,
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe ;
With mighty souls in narrow bodies press'd,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast.
So fix'd in fame, unknowing how to fly,

And obstinately bent to win or die,
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails, for one can only reign.

Yet all these dreadful deeds, this deadly fray, }
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay, }
And undecided leave the fortune of the day. }

THEIR SOVEREIGNS.

" With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
 One monarch wears an open honest face;
 Shap'd to his size, and glorious to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold,
 And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
 That other looks, like nature in disgrace,
 Ghaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face;
 And like their grisly prince, appears his
 gloomy race:
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train,
 That long have travell'd through a desert
 plain,
 And spit from their dry chaps the dust again.

RUIN OF THEIR GOVERNMENT.

" ——— Not Egypt, India, Media, more
 With servile love their idol-king adore:
 While he survives, in concord and content,
 The commons live, by no divisions rent;—
 The monarch's death dissolves the govern-
 ment.

All goes to ruin ; they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.

Then, since they share with man one common
fate,

In health, in sickness, and in turns of state,
Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay.

They change their hue ; with haggard eyes
they stare,

Lean are their locks, and shagged is their hair ;

And crowds of dead, that never must return

To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are
borne ;

Their friends attend the hearse ; the next
relations mourn.

The sick for air before the portal gasp,

Their feeble legs within each other clasp ;

Or, idle in their empty hives remain,

Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their gain.

Such whispers then, and broken sounds are
heard,

As when the woods with gentle winds are stirr'd ;

Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,

Or dying murmurs of departing tides."

VIRG. IVth GEORGIE.

The Author of *Frugal* having furnished his young friends with the foregoing observations of historians, philosophers, and poets, on this interesting race of animals, he cannot better close his subject than by the following reflection of an eminent divine:—

“ The books of nature and revelation equally elevate our conceptions, and excite our piety: they mutually illustrate each other; they have an equal claim to our regard; for they are both written by the finger of the one incomprehensible God !”

BP. WATSON.



The Author of *Israel* having furnished his young friends with the foregoing observations of historians, philosophers, and poets, on this interesting race of animals, he cannot better close his subject than by the following reflection of an eminent divine:—

“The books of nature and revelation equally elevate our conceptions, and excite our piety: they mutually illustrate each other; they have an equal claim to our regard: for they are both written by the finger of the one incomprehensible

God!”

REV. WATSON.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

THE REES.

HISTORY OF THE ANTS.

HAVING given my young readers a short history of the bee, it may not be improper to satisfy their curiosity concerning another race of winged insects, not so useful to man for their labours, but no less famous for their social and industrious habits from all antiquity, for their spirit of subordination, and their being offered as a pattern of carefulness to the profuse, and of diligence to the sluggard :—I mean the ant, or emmet.

The wise man's adage—"Go to the ant the sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," will never be overlooked by

such dutiful children as love to read their Bible, and adopt its precepts.

The following are the ideas of some of the greatest of the heathen writers concerning these insects, which they have thought worthy of notice.

“ Lo ! in battalia march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter and of coming wants,
 T’ invade their corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder’d forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops along the narrow tracks
 Scarce bears the weighty burthen on their backs.
 Some set their shoulders to the pond’rous
 grain ; [train ;
 Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging
 All ply their tasks, and equal toil sustain.”

VIRGIL.

“ The little drudge doth trot about and sweat,
 Nor will he strait devour all he can get ;
 But in his temp’rate mouth carries it home ;
 A stock for winter, which he knows must come.”

HORACE.

Now my young readers must understand, that those notions do not exactly apply to our English ants. Those do not actually labour in the summer, to lay up a sufficiency to feast on in winter; because, in the latter season, they retire to their cells, where they remain in a state of sleepiness, and therefore cannot be supposed to eat any thing: but there is no doubt that in warm climates, in the East for instance, their making provision for futurity may be strictly just, and the wisdom of such conduct will recommend it to imitation.

The eyes of the ant are quite black, and under them there are two small horns or feelers, having twelve joints in them, all covered with a fine silky hair.

The mouth has two crooked jaws, projecting outward, which are supplied with cutting teeth.

From the breast, which is covered with a fine silky hair, project six strong, hairy legs, the ends of which are armed with two small claws, which assist the ant in climbing.

The body is a bright chesnut colour, covered with a fine soft hair.

There are, however, different kinds of common ants in Europe: some red; some black; some with stings, and some without. Such as have stings, inflict deep wounds therewith; those who have none, have a power of avenging themselves by spurning out an acid poisonous liquor, which inflames the skin wherever it alights, and causes it to sting like nettles.

This little creature seems bolder and much more active, for its size, than any other of the insect tribe, and fears

not to attack an animal ten times his own size.

They generally make their appearance on the first fine day in the month of April. Their hills then begin to swarm with tens of thousands of those insects, just awaked from their long wintry slumbers, and preparing for the active pleasures and laborious duties of the summer season.

It is remarkable, that for the first day they never offer to leave the hill, which may be considered their fort or castle, but they run over every part of it, as if to examine its state and condition, to observe what injuries it has sustained while they slept, what repairs are necessary, and settle what business is to be performed on the ensuing day.

On their first muster, none but those

of the tribe without wings appear, while those with wings remain at the bottom. These are the working ants that first appear, and they are always destitute of wings: the males and females, that are furnished with four large wings each, are more slow in making their appearance.

Thus, like our more familiar acquaintance, the bees, they are divided into males, females, and neutrals, or the working tribe. The females are distinguished for being much larger than the males, and the labourers are the smallest of them all. The two former have wings, which, however, they are sometimes divested of: the latter never have any; and on them devolve all the labour of the community.

• Our English ant-hills are formed with but little regularity; but in the more

southern provinces of Europe they are constructed with wonderful art and contrivance. These are generally formed in the neighbourhood of some large tree, and a stream of water;—the one being the proper place for getting food, the other for obtaining moisture, which they cannot well do without.

The shape of the ant-hill is like that of a sugar-loaf, about three feet high, composed of a variety of substances, such as leaves, bits of wood, sand, earth, particles of gum, and grains of corn. All these they collect into a compact mass, formed like galleries and winding staircases down to the very bottom, from this retreat to the water, as well as to the tree, in different directions. To these they have their turnpikes, or highways, on which they are continually passing and repassing, from the time of their first appearance in the spring season, till the cold weather comes on.

The industrious working ants are fully employed, not only in providing food for themselves, but sustaining the idlers at home. Their provisions are of various kinds; both animal and vegetable. They are particularly fond of sweets of all kinds; they likewise overpower small insects by numbers, and kill and devour them with great ferocity. They, however, first satisfy their own appetites, and then think of their friends. Having found a juicy fruit, they devour as much as they can; and then tearing the remainder in pieces, carry home each a load.

Should they meet with an insect above their match, a number of them assail it at once; and having destroyed and mangled it, each carries off his share of the spoil.

Should one of them in his search find any thing too heavy for himself to bear, all those which are at hand will readily

lend their assistance ; so that you may see several of them at work, some dragging, and others pushing, to get it along. When any one of them makes a lucky discovery, he seems immediate to give advice to the rest, and the whole body of them put themselves in motion. If it be a heavy substance in which they are engaged, you might some time see one killed by some fatal accident. Here they share an amazing instance of sagacity, almost approaching to human reason ; the survivors immediately carry it off, to prevent the interruption of their work.

As these little creatures are an example of industry to mankind, they may be considered in the same light with regard to their care of, and attention to, their posterity.

After a few days of fine weather, the

female ants begin to lay their eggs ; and these are as constantly and tenderly watched and protected by the working ants, who take upon themselves to supply the wants, and contribute to the convenience of their charge. The eggs, as soon as they are laid, are carried to the safest situation at the bottom of their hill ; where they are carefully defended from cold and moisture. It is commonly supposed that the round white substances, which are so plentiful in every ant-hill, are eggs newly laid ; but this is not the case. On the contrary, the ant's egg is so small, as hardly to be discerned. The little white bodies above-mentioned are the young animals in their maggot state, endued with life, and often involved in a cone spun round itself, like the silk-worm. The real egg, when laid, if viewed through a microscope, appears smooth, polished, and shining, while the maggot seems composed of

twelve rings, and is often larger than the ant itself.

The attachment shown by the working ants to their progeny, is such as may exceed belief, if not confirmed by repeated observation; and it may be well worthy the contemplation of neglectful parents of the human race.

In cold weather, their protectors take the young up in their mouths without the least injury; and then carry them to the very depths of their habitation, where they are less subject to the severity of the season. In a fine day they remove them with the same care nearer the surface of the earth, where their maturity may be assisted by the heat of the sun.

If an enemy should come, as is sometimes the case, and batter down their

habitation, and crush them by thousands, in the midst of the ruin and confusion, their first care is to save their offspring. They may then be seen running about, as it were, in a state of distraction, in different ways, each carrying a young one in his mouth, much bigger than himself.

A curious observer of nature states, that he kept a number of working ants in his closet, with their young, in a glass filled with earth. In proportion as the earth dried on the surface, they dug deeper and deeper to deposit their eggs; and when he poured water thereon, it was surprising to see with what care, affection, and diligence they laboured to put their brood in safety in the driest place. On the other hand, when water had been wanting for several days, and when the earth was again moistened with it, they immediately carried their

young to partake of it; and they seemed much gratified and refreshed in sucking it in.

When the young maggot attains its full growth, it casts its skin, and seems to lose all kind of motion. You may then, however, distinctly discern all the limbs of the little animal, though wrapped up as it were in their swaddling clothes. At length, having passed through all its changes, and acquired its state of maturity, it bursts its last skin, and assumes the proper shape and form which it ever after retains. Yet this is not entirely effected by its own efforts: the old ones assist in breaking open the enclosure with their teeth. They not only assist them on this occasion, but know the precise time for rendering this kind office; for the young, if produced too soon, die of cold; and if detained too long, are suffocated in their confinement.

When the whole brood has been produced, the wings of the female drop off. She is seen in the cells some weeks after she loses her ornaments; but what finally becomes of her is not known.

The males having now no longer any business at home, and still retaining their wings, take their flight, never to return home again. It is probable they perish in storms, or by the cold; or become the prey of birds, which continually watch for them.

The working ants, having probably deposed their queens, and been deserted by the males, bury themselves deep in the earth, to avoid the severity of winter.

Naturalists believe that the grains of corn, and other sustenances, with which the English ants furnish their hill, are only meant as fences to keep off the

rigours of the winter; and not, as has been imagined, as provisions for their support during its continuance. It appears that every insect that lives a year after it comes to its full growth, is obliged to pass four or five months without taking any nourishment, during all which time it seems to be dead. Now, where this is the case, it would be to no purpose for ants to lay up stores for the winter, seeing they are not in a condition to eat, or even stir, at this season. Thus what authors have considered as a great magazine, or storehouse of provisions, is, in fact, no more than a common retreat from the weather, during their sleeping and defenceless state.

This seeming contradiction is however reconciled, if we refer to the ants in the warmer regions. They build their hill with great contrivance and regularity; they lay up provisions in large quantities;

and, as they live in a state of activity the whole year round, they submit themselves to regulations, and have habits very different from those of Europe.

The ants of Africa are of three kinds; the white, the green, and the black: the latter are very formidable and daring, and are above an inch in length. Their sting causes extreme pain, and their depredations are sometimes very destructive. Their hill is prodigiously large; made of clay, of a tapering form, and rising to ten or twelve feet high. This habitation is constructed with great skill, and the cells are hardly exceeded in number and regularity by those of a honey-comb.

It is dangerous to come into the neighbourhood of their habitation. At the slightest warning they will issue out of their retreat upon whatever disturbs

them; and if the enemy cannot escape by flight, he is sure to find no mercy. Sheep, fowls, and wild animals are often surrounded by these desperate insects, and soon stung to death; after which, they devour the carcase even to the bone, and leave only the skeleton behind. When once they have seized upon it, no animal, however strong, has power to resist them.

These insects act under the strictest regulation and discipline, and often quit their habitation, in large bodies, in search of prey. They sometimes traverse large tracts of country; and nothing but fire or water can hinder their progress. If they meet with such interruptions, they will change their course, and take another direction, or return again directly, destroying every thing that comes in their way.

A certain traveller relates, that during

his stay at Cape Corfe Castle, an immense body of these insects made a descent on that fortification.

It was about day break when the advanced guard of this famished crew entered the chapel, where some negro servants were asleep on the floor. The invasion of this unexpected army alarmed the poor Indians; who instantly started up, and prepared as well as they could for defence. The greatest consternation prevailed in every quarter. While the foremost battalion had taken possession of the place, the rear-guard was more than a quarter of a mile distant. The whole ground seemed to be alive, and crawling with unceasing destruction. The inhabitants had but a few moments to deliberate on what was to be done: it was resolved to lay a large train of gunpowder along the path they had taken; and then, applying a lighted

match unto it, tens of thousands of them were instantly destroyed. The rear-guard, or followers, perceiving the destruction of their leaders, immediately turned about, and made the best of the way back to their original habitation. Thus can the Almighty use the least of his creatures to humble and scourge the pride of man.

It is astonishing the order these insects observe, whenever they sally out on these excursions. Fifty or sixty veterans, stouter than the rest, are seen, like officers, to head the band, and conduct them onward to their prey.

If they have a fixed spot where their prey continues to resort, they will march under ground, forming a vaulted gallery, sometimes a quarter of a mile in length, which they will sometimes hollow out in the space of a few hours.

In some parts of India, the white ants have been known to attack and demolish one of the native houses in a night. The manner in which they proceed is by assailing the timber work, making their way into the centre of the hardest and thickest joists and beams; the spine of which being destroyed, and the roofs and ceilings deprived of support, the whole building falls into ruins.

After the foregoing brief description of this extraordinary insect, we cannot but remark the striking resemblance between its habits, and those of the human race.

Like us, they spend the shining hour
To build their little Babel tow'r;
Run to and fro, with toil and pain,
To win an atom, or a grain.
Hoard up their hard-earn'd wealth with care,
Then sicken, die, and disappear.

But here the analogy ends. Man is an immortal and an accountable creature: he must, after a time, be called again from the dust, never more to die; and “receive the reward of his works, whether they have been good, or whether they have been evil.”



There is the analogy of the human mind, which is
 immortal and an accountable creature;
 for when, after a time, he called again
 from the dust, never more to rise; and
 receive the reward of his works,
 whether they have been good, or whether
 they have been evil." But what matter
 does it make, if the soul is immortal, and
 the body is mortal? The soul is immortal,
 and the body is mortal, and the soul is
 immortal, and the body is mortal, and the
 soul is immortal, and the body is mortal.

SELECT POETRY,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

RELATIVE TO INSECTS, &c.

THE CAPTIVE FLY.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SEDUC'D by idle change and luxury,
See in vain struggles the expiring fly;
He perishes ! for lo, in evil hour,
He rush'd to taste of yonder garish flower,
Which, in young beauty's loveliest colours drest,
Conceals destruction in her treach'rous breast,
While round the roseate chalice odours breathe,
And lure the wand'rer to voluptuous death.

Ill-fated vagrant ! did no instinct cry,
Shun the sweet mischief ? No experienc'd fly

Bid thee of this fair smiling friend beware,
And say, the false Apocynum* is there?
Ah! wherefore quit for this Circean draught
The bean's ambrosial flower, with incense
fraught.

Or where with promise rich, *Fragaria* spreads
Her spangling blossoms on her leafy beds;
Could thy wild flight no softer blooms detain?
And tower'd the lilac's purple groups in vain?
Or waving showers of golden blossoms, where
Laburnum's pensile tassels float in air,
When thou within those topaz keels might creep
Secure, and rock'd by lulling winds to sleep.

But now no more for thee shall June uncloset
Her spicy clove-pink and her damask rose;
Not for thy food shall swell the downy peach,
Nor raspberries blush beneath th' embow'ring
beech.

In efforts vain thy fragile wings are torn,
Sharp with distress resounds thy small shrill
horn;

* *Jutsan* leaved dog's bane, a flower famous for
proving fatal to the insect which alights upon it.

While thy gay happy comrades hear thy cry,
Yet heed thee not, and careless frolic by ;
Till thou, sad victim, every struggle o'er,
Despairing sink, and feel thy fate no more.

An insect lost should thus the muse bewail ?
Ah no ! but 'tis the moral points the tale
From the mild friend, who seeks with candid
truth

To show its errors to presumptuous youth ;
From the fond caution of parental care,
Whose watchful love detects the hidden snare,
How do the young reject, with proud disdain,
Wisdom's firm voice, and Reason's prudent rein,
And urge, on pleasure bent, the impetuous way,
Heedless of all but of the present day.

Then while false meteor lights their steps entice,
They taste, they drink, th' empoison'd cup of
vice ;

Till misery follows ; and too late they mourn,
Lost in the fatal gulph, from whence there's
no return.

TO THE MULBERRY TREE.

BY THE SAME.

HITHER, in half blown garlands drest,
Advances the reluctant Spring ;
And shrinking, feels her tender breast
Chill'd by Winter's snowy wing ;
Nor wilt thou, alien as thou art, display
Or leaf, or swelling bud, to meet the varying
day.

Yet, when the mother of the rose,
Bright June, leads on the glowing hours,
And from her hands luxuriant throws
Her lovely groups of summer flowers ;
Forth from thy brown and unclad branches
shoot
Serrated leaves and rudiments of fruit.

And soon those boughs umbrageous spread
A shelter from autumnal rays ;
While gay beneath thy shadowy head,
His gambols happy childhood plays ;

Eager, with crimson fingers, to amass
Thy ruby fruit, that strews the turfy grass.

But where, festoon'd with purple vines,
More freely grows thy graceful form,
And screen'd by towering Appenines,
Thy foliage feeds the spinning worm ;
Patience and Industry protect thy shade,
And see, by future looms, their care repaid.

They mark the threads, half viewless wind
That form the shining light cocoon ;
Now tinted as the orange rind,
Or paler than the pearly moon ;
Then at their summons in the task engage,
Like active youth, and tremulous old age.

The task that bids thy tresses green
A thousand varied hues assume ;
There colour'd like the sky serene,
And mocking here the rose's bloom ;
And now, in lucid volumes lightly roll'd,
Where purple clouds are starr'd with mimic
gold.

But not because thy veined leaves
Do to the grey-winged moth supply
The nutriment, whence Patience weaves
The monarch's velvet canopy ;
Thro' his high domes a splendid radiance
throws,
And binds the jewell'd circle on his brows.

And not, that thus transform'd, thy boughs
Now as a cestus clasp the fair,
Now in her changeful vestments flows,
And filets now her plaited hair,
I praise thee, but that I behold in thee
The triumph of unwearied Industry.

'Tis, that laborious millions owe
To thee the source of simple food,
In Eastern climes ; or where the Po
Reflects thee from his classic flood ;
While useless Indolence may blush to view
What Patience, Industry, and Art can do.

THE MOTH.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN dews roll fast, and rosy day
Fades slowly in the west away, [sheaves,
While evening breezes bend the future
Votary of Vesper's humid light,
The moth, pale wanderer of the night,
From his green cradle comes, amid the
whispering leaves.

The birds on insect life that feast,
Now in their woody covers nest ;
The swallow slumbers in his dome of clay ;
And of the numerous tribes who war
On the small denizens of air, [prey.
The shrieking bat alone is on the wing for

Eluding him, on lacey plume
The silver moth enjoys the gloom ; [bow'rs,
Glancing on tremulous wing thro' twilight
Now flits where warm nasturtiums glow,
Now quivers on the jassmine bough,
And sucks with spiral tongue the balm of
sleeping flowers.

Yet if from open casement stream
The taper's bright aspiring beam,
And strikes with comet-ray his dazzled sight;
Nor perfum'd leaf, nor honied flower,
To check his wild career have power,
But to the attracting flame he takes his
rapid flight.

Round it he darts in dizzy rings,
And soon his soft and powder'd wings
Are singed; and dimmer grows his pearly
eyes;
And now his struggling feet are foil'd,
And scorch'd, entangled, burnt, and soil'd,
His fragile form is lost—the wretched in-
sect dies.

Emblem too just of one, whose way
Thro' the calm vale of life might lay,
Yet lured by vanity's illusive fires,
Far from that tranquil vale aside,
Like this poor insect suicide
Follows the fatal light, and in its flame expires!

THE INSECT RACE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

OBSERVE the insect race—ordain'd to keep
The lazy sabbath of a half-year's sleep !
Entomb'd beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sun-beams pierce their dark
retreat,

The heaving tomb distends with vital heat ;
The full-form'd brood, impatient of their call,
Start from their trance, and burst their silken
shell !

Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried air.

At length, assur'd, they catch the fav'ring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils, and high in
ether sail !

Lo ! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fring'd, and freckled o'er with gold ;
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flow'r
They idly fluttering live their little hour,
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day !

Not so the child of sorrow—wretched man !
His course with toil concludes—with pain began.
That high his destiny he might discern,
And in Misfortune's school this lesson learn,
Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind,
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man design'd !



THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball, and the grasshopper's
feast ;

The trumpeter gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On a smooth shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back ;

And there came the gnat, and the dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, with her plumage
of down,

And the hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did
bring,

But they promis'd that evening to lay by their
sting.

Then the sly little dormouse peep'd out of his
hole,

And led to the feast his blind cousin, the mole ;
And the snail, with her horns peeping out of
her shell,

Came fatigu'd with the distance—the length
of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made ;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought the honey to sweeten the
feast.

With steps most majestic the snail did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in
his head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of
night,

Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out
with his light;

So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.



THE INNOCENT THIEF.

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Not a flow'r can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never weary'd, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplor'd,
With a difference truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The canker-worm, in-dwelling foe ;
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours ;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spar'd than the flow'rs.

But she, with such delicate skill,
Her pillage so fits for our use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce:

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft ;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

CONCLUSION,

FROM THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY MISS H. MORE.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the place,
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface.
Learn how ungovern'd thoughts the mind
pervert ;

And to disease all nourishment convert.

Ah ! happy she, whose wisdom learns to find
A healthful fancy, and a well train'd mind !

A sick man's wildest dreams less wild are
found,

Than the day visions of a mind unsound.

Disorder'd phantasies indulg'd too much,
Like harpies, always taint whate'er they touch.
Fly soothing solitude ! fly vain desire !

Fly such soft verse as fans the dang'rous fire !

Seek action ; 'tis the scene which virtue loves :

The vig'rous sun not only shines, but moves.

From sickly thoughts with quick abhorrence
start,

And rule the fancy if you'd rule the heart ;

By active goodness, by laborious schemes,

Subdue wild visions and delusive dreams.

No earthly good a Christian's views shou'd
bound,
For ever rising shou'd his aims be found.
Leave that fictitious good your fancy feigns,
For scenes where real bliss eternal reigns :
Look to that region of immortal joys,
Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy :
Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bow'rs,
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs ;
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poet's warmest visions ever knew.
Press eager onward to those blissful plains,
Where life eternal, joy perpetual, reigns.

THE END.

SUPERIOR JUVENILE BOOKS,

Illustrated with fine engravings, and handsomely half-bound,

PUBLISHED BY

WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS, PATERNOSTER ROW.



Sacred Dramas; chiefly intended for Young Persons. The Subjects taken from the Bible. By Hannah More. To which is prefixed, A short Memoir of her Life, Writings, &c. In a neat cabinet size, and embellished with six illustrative cuts, and a portrait. Price 2s. 6d. extra boards; or in a variety of neat and elegant bindings.

Original Stories from Real Life: with Conversations, calculated to regulate the Affections, and form the Mind to Truth and Goodness. Price 2s. 6d.

Early Habits; or, the Powerful Effects of Attention and Neglect: exemplified in the History of Masters Thomas Towardley and Lawrence Lacey. By W. F. Sullivan, A.M. With a coloured plate. Price 2s.

History of Master George Freeland; or, How to Spend your Time. By the same Author. With a coloured plate. Price 1s. 6d.

Temple of Fancy; or, Choice Riddles, Enigmas, Charades, and Conundrums, calculated to amuse the minds of Youth. With numerous beautiful wood engravings. Price 1s. 6d.

Arliss's Hieroglyphical Bible. With four hundred embellishments on wood. Price 1s. 6d.

The Cavern; or, the Two Sisters. From the French, by Miss E. Smythe. An interesting Tale. With a coloured plate. Price 1s. 6d.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

History of the Unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Guildford Dudley. Portrait.

Parents' Present to their Happy Family ; containing the Poems of My Father, Mother, Brother, and Sister. In imitation of Cowper's Mary. Embellished with fifty fine engravings.

Village School ; containing the Histories of Mrs. Bell and her Scholars. Ornamented with fine wood engravings.

Cries of London, taken from the Original Characters, as they now appear.

Juvenile Annals ; or, the Amusement of Edward and Emma. By Lucy Watkins. Plates.

History of Little Jack. By the Author of Sandford and Merton. Adorned with cuts.

Surprising and Singular Adventures of a Hen, as related by herself to her family of Chickens. With beautiful embellishments.

Orphan Henry ; or, the Sure Road to Wealth and Happiness. By Miss E. Smythe. With fine engravings on wood.

History of Mary the Beggar Girl. By the same Authoress. With neat engravings.

Pamela ; or, Virtue Rewarded. From the Original of Samuel Richardson, Esq. Adorned with six engravings on wood.

Pathetic Poetry for Youth : calculated to awaken the Sympathetic Affections. By Mrs. Charlton.

History of Mary Queen of Scots, who was Beheaded in the Nineteenth Year of her Captivity. With a portrait.

Pleasures of London ; descriptive of all the Places of Public Amusement in the Metropolis. With a representation of each.





To which must be added, another fund of money, &c. in addition on the 1st of Nov. 1793.

It will be found that the deduction of the fund of money, &c. in addition on the 1st of Nov. 1793, is

The fund balance of the 1st of Nov. 1793, is

The fund balance of the 1st of Nov. 1793, is

The fund balance of the 1st of Nov. 1793, is

The fund balance of the 1st of Nov. 1793, is

The fund balance of the 1st of Nov. 1793, is